

Reputation

Reputation - I

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Series: [Reputation \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, THE LOSERS CLUB - Fandom

Genre: F/M, IT - Freeform, The Losers Club, Tumblr, imagine

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Reader, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Richie Tozier/Reader

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Summary:

Anonymous said: An IT imagine where reader is Bill's older sister and Richie has a MASSIVE crush on her. She has a pretty bad reputation (kinda like Bev, but worse. Like done things with Henry Bowers, etc.) Plot can be up to you! Just maybe a scene where she's all sassy and this kinda represents why Richie likes her so much?? Thank you. Love your writing so much!

Reputation

rating: t (for language)

pairing: richie tozier x fem!reader

After the passing of your brother, Georgie, all you ever felt was grief. It followed you like a shadow every where you went. And frankly, you wanted it to piss right off. Over the months that your youngest brother had been missing and - in many eyes - presumed dead, you'd grieved in a way that worked for you.

You'd heard all the insults before: 'Whore', 'Slut', 'Ash-head', 'Chimney-breath'. The list went on, and somehow you'd learnt to live with it. Some of the things people said about you were rumours, but majority wasn't. You were only fifteen, but had gained a name for yourself all over the town. As many would say, the list of the people you'd fucked, the amount of cigars you smoked during the day would cause a brand new pen to run out of ink before the list was even near finished.

Long story short, you'd gained a pretty bad reputation for yourself over the course of seven months. Although, the person you once were was still there; buried underneath miles and miles of stone walls you'd built around yourself. Only a selected few were able to see this. Those who could be bothered seeing you for who you really were and not the stupid status you'd made for yourself due to the consequences of grief.

These selected few were your brother and his friends. They didn't care about what you'd done. Hell, Bill didn't even believe any of it, though you never had the guts to tell him most of the so called 'rumours' were true. You were yourself around them and for a long time you thought you'd lost that ability; to be yourself.

During this time of you hanging around with the losers, it was made clear that Richie Tozier had formed a giant crush on you. It was no secret that Richie liked you, he was hitting on you every chance he got. Though you'd never admit it, you also had gained a somewhat affection for the younger boy. Nowadays, most boys you'd interacted with were only looking to have sex with you, or call you horrible

names, but Richie - as much as he did make sexual jokes - never looked at you like other boys did. He never looked at you the way everybody else in this town did. Truth was, you'd never been looked at in such a way by a boy before. He was immature, said things at the wrong time, and always, always made inappropriate sexual jokes, but not once had he ever said, nor thought about saying anything about your mistakes. He respected you, and you valued that more than anything.

"We were attacked, M-m-Mrs. K." Your brother explained as Eddie's mom - whom you'd never met before - frantically tried to find the correct key to open her car. In her mad rush, she dropped the pile of keys on the gravel road, cursing under her breath.

"Here, let me hel-" Beverly begun, as the girl started bending down to pick up the keys, but Eddie's mum beat her to it, a look of disgust washing over her face as she stood back up, locking eyes with Beverly.

"Oh, I've heard about you Miss Marsh. And I don't want a dirty girl like you near my Eddie."

You'd heard every insult there was. You'd heard every slut joke in existence and you knew how it felt. You knew how it felt to be looked at like you were meat, and you could take it. But the difference between you and Beverly was that you knew Beverly let it crawl under her skin a lot more than you did, and her 'reputation' was literally based on rumours.

"Excuse me?" You spoke up, gaining everybody's attention, including Mrs. K's. You hadn't uttered a word yet, so you assumed the woman hadn't even acknowledged you were here yet until now, as the older woman diverted her disgusting stare from Beverly, and let it land directly on you. And she gave you the same look every other fucking person gave you in this stupid town. "Don't worry, I've heard lots about you too, Miss Denbrough. Running around with that Bower's boy, and I've heard the list goes on."

You clenched your fist, taking a step forward but you were pulled back by someone grabbing your wrist, refraining you from doing anything. You didn't bother to look who it was. Instead, you glared

daggers straight at Mrs. K. "I don't want someone as vulgar as you anywhere near my son."

Anyone who knew both you and Bill, knew you were nothing like him. He was a lot more kind than you were. A lot more compassionate. The things you said and the things you did came as a complete shock to those who knew you were related to Bill. In fact, you didn't even look like him either. Many referred to you as the 'Milkman's Daughter' insinuating your mother had an affair with the milkman and you were the resulting offspring. In all honestly, you preferred to be called this disrespectful nickname above all others, as it was the least dehumanising of them all.

"Why don't you suck my dick, Mrs. K?" Your face remained expressionless, as the words left your lips, pretty damn satisfied with yourself. She was a grown woman, practically calling you a whore in front of your friends. If she wanted to act like a child, then so would you.

As much as you didn't care when people called you names directly in front of you, that changed when you were around your brother and your friends; the people you actually cared about. That's when the insults hit you hard. You valued their opinions; their thoughts and you never wanted them - of all people - to look at you like everybody else did.

Her mouth opened, in pure shock, "You are a disgusting girl, Y/N Denbrough." And she mean't it. She mean't every last word.

You chuckled a cold laugh, and if looks could kill, Mrs. K would be six feet under. "I've been called worse things by better people."

You heard someone snicker behind you, and you didn't need to look to know it was Richie. Mrs. Kaspbrak sent you a cold smile, "It must be difficult for you, exhausting your entire vocabulary in one sentence." The woman told you. All you did was force a half-assed smile, attempting to mock her own.

"Bye, Mrs. K. I hope the rest of your day is as pleasant as you are." And with that, the older woman huffed and hopped in her car, driving away without saying another word.

You sighed softly, before reluctantly turning around to face everybody, fearing that they would be staring at you with discomfort, and not look at you the same way. But instead, they all smiled at you, clearly impressed as Beverly thanked you for sticking up for her. And you couldn't help but smile too.

“That’s my girl.”

“I’m not your girl, Richie.”

“Right. Sorry, Y/N.”

But, truth was, you kinda were.